CHANGED HER MIND

By MAY CUNNINGHAM COBB.

The lighthouse keeper looked round as a light step sounded on the stone stairs. At his side stood a pretty, petulant looking girl of about nineteen, his adopted daughter, Lucy.

"Father," she said, with the suspicion of a sob in her voice, "I'm thinking of going to N'York tomorrow."

John Eldridge's face became a mask, and over it a white pallor crept. He stared at the girl for a moment or two.

"So! You've quarreled with Ned," he said.

"He wants to remain here after we're married, father," the girl protested. "It's—so slow here. I want to see life and gayety."

"Wait!" shouted Eldridge. "Put a pin in them words, girl, and remember them. I'm going to tell you a story.

"You don't know how I came to adopt you, nor who your folks was, do you? Didn't know your mother lived in these parts? Yet everybody round about here knew Milly Torrance, when she was a slip of a thing like you.

"Had the same ideas, too, she had, about seeing life. She was engaged to a young fellow who had just got the charge of this lighthouse. Mighty proud and pleased he was, I tell you, girl, when Milly, whom he'd knowed ever since she was a baby along with him, promised to be his wife. He was looking forward to the spring, so as they'd start housekeeping in the lighthouse together.

"There was a young fellow whom we'll call Cray, because that wasn't his name. Son of a millionaire, and hadn't never done a day's honest work in his life. Used to come down here winters for the duck shooting, which was pretty good in them times. Used to spend his time shooting and trying to turn the heads of foolish girls. He was a flashy chap, with his gold jewelry and ostentatious ways."

The speaker's voice had become menacing; the girl recoiled and looked

"And the Lights Appeared, and—He Couldn't."

at him in dismay. She had never seen that expression on his face before.

"Milly and he struck up an acquaintance," he continued.

"Heaven knows he wasn't worthy so much as to touch the hem of her gown. But he was flashy and sporty, and Milly had seen few men of his class—she didn't understand. Used to talk to her for hours about New York and foreign parts. Then he went away.

"The young fellow at the lighthouse was eating his heart out in grief and bitterness. But he had his charge, which he couldn't leave, and there was nothing that he could do. However, after Cray had gone back to New York, Milly seemed to realize that she had played with an honest man's heart. She asked him to forgive her. He forgave her, and they arranged the day for the wedding. But there was always a something between them.

"The minister was to bring the girl out in his boat, and they were to be married in the lighthouse. The day before the wedding a note from Milly came. She told him that she and Cray were sailing for Europe together. 'I love him,' the letter said, 'and he has promised to marry me. You must forget me and find some better woman.'

"You can imagine what that blow meant. And there was the man who had been waiting for her, stuck in the lighthouse and couldn't leave his post, no, not for anything in the world. He was alone there, because the light needed tending only each eight hours, and one man was enough to manage it.

"He knew the ship on which she was to sail. It was the 'Grosvenor,' and she would pass the light at ten in the night. He knew each ship among the hundreds that passed to and fro each year between the Atlantic gateways and New York. And he was their safety and their trust. For, if that little light went out, the ships that were eastward bound would dash themselves to pieces upon Rockman's ledge, five miles away, thinking that they were on the high seas before they had cleared the shoals. And as the young man stood, helpless, beside his light, gazing out through the thick glass at the fog and the wheeling mews, a dreadful temptation assailed him.

"If only he let the light go out, the 'Grosvenor' would run aground on Rockman's ledge and, in that tide, split up before morning. Many would die, some might be saved, but at least he would stop Milly's voyage. Perhaps she would die, or Cray—well, even that would be better than the future in store for her.

"At nine o'clock he was waiting on the platform, listening to the shrieking birds. When he saw the distant twinkle of the 'Grosvenor's' lights he meant to put out his own. And she would go sailing by, and he would watch her, invisible in the mist, and see her drift helplessly ever nearer and nearer to the dreaded Rockman's ledge. He gloated over the thought.

"And the lights appeared, and—he couldn't. For you know, girl, habit forms character, and he, who had held his post so long, the one trust of many a mighty ship, he couldn't fail. His hand wouldn't move; the light burned steadily, and the ship swept past, so near that if it had been day, he would have seen each person on her decks distinctly.

"That's all, girl. For I musn't speak of the rest, nor how she crept back home to die, with the little girl. But she saw the young lighthouse keeper before the end, and he forgave her; and that's why—that's why—"

His voice grew incoherent, and the girl, who had been staring, open-mouthed at him, feeling something of the tragedy, recoiled and gripped the stair railing in her terror. All the desire had gone out of her. She wanted a home now, as this lonely man had wanted one so many years. Before either could speak a heavy tread sounded below, and a boat began splashing at anchor beside the lighthouse landing. Then a young man, tanned by the sun and weather-beaten, and distinctly anxious, strode up the stairs.

"Lucy!" he cried. "So you are here! I heard!—I heard—"

He caught her in his arms and her head drooped and nestled against his shoulder.

"I heard you were going to N'York," he exclaimed, with a terror in his voice that contrasted strangely with his looks. "Lucy, it isn't true? You wouldn't go there, when I want you, to make a home for both of us? I know it's quiet here, child, but—but maybe you'll get to like it when the babies come," he added with rough honesty. "You'll stay, Lucy, won't you, my dear, for ever and ever?"

The girl raised her eyes to his.

"Yes, I'll stay, Ned," she answered, and slipped her hand trustfully into his. And then both turned to look at the lighthouse keeper. They had always been a little afraid of him. He was a lonely man, and the lonely are not as other men in their joys and sorrows.

But the lighthouse keeper was staring out through the fog, and he might have been alone, for all the notice he took of them. He was picking up the light of a ship that crept slowly eastward toward Rockman's ledge.

WHY THEY REMAINED SMALL

Experience of Man With Broken Alarm Clock at Once Enlightened Him.

"I often wondered," said a bachelor business man living in the fifties not far from Broadway, according to the New York Sun, "why it was that one jeweler around my neighborhood had a fine big shop and three or four others had places not half so large and didn't seem to be doing any business at all. But I know now.

"I had occasion to have one of these modern alarm clocks repaired and to make some business for the small chaps, I went to one of them to do the job. He said he couldn't do it for less than 75 cents, if it could be fixed at all, and when it was done it couldn't be of any account and I had better buy a new one. He offered me one for $1 up. I left him and went to the others. All had about the same answer.

"Then I thought I'd go to the big shop jeweler and hear what he had to say. He said if it could be fixed he'd do it for 50 cents and guarantee it for a year. He said he'd let me know next day if it could be done or not. When I went in again the clock was finished. I paid my 50 cents, and he said if it got out of order within a year to come around and get it fixed without cost.

"Then I knew why he had the big shop and the business, and I wondered why it was that the small shops didn't wake up and do business in a way to attract trade and hold it when it had once been secured. I also began to get a glimmer why it is that the small shopkeepers are nearly always small shopkeepers. When they know how to do business they soon grow into big shopkeepers."

Too Much for Mother.

A Pasadena boy asked his father what was meant by the expression: "the woman had a Greek profile." The father put down the paper he was reading and replied: "Why, it merely means a classic outline." The mother took a hand, declaring the answer was too short and really a shifty euphemism. "Give our son a long and clear answer," she insisted. Paterfamilias sat up and made this lucid, ornate reply: "A Greek profile is a bold silhouette, blending the Doric and Ionian expression and depicting that clear-cut plastic work of Praxiteles, which is entirely free from the rococo renaissance school and which in modern melodrama, would be called the marble face." Both mother and son took the count, and father resumed his reading of the article: "Why Oysters Have Strong Lungs."—Pasadena News.

Granted.

A sweet-faced old lady walked up the avenue hanging on the arm of her husband, who was a little bit hard of hearing. A girl brushed past them rudely, bumping into the little old lady.

"She didn't even say 'Excuse me,'" she said, indignantly to her husband.

"What, my dear?" he inquired mildly.

The old lady repeated her statement in a louder tone. Still the old gentleman did not understand.

"Excuse me," she shrieked above the rush and roar of the automobiles.

"Certainly, my dear," he answered graciously. "But what did you do?"

Daily Thought.

We may build more splendid habitations, fill our rooms with paintings and sculptures, but we cannot buy with gold the old associations.—Longfellow.

A GLIMPSE of HONOLULU

IN THE SURF AT HONOLULU

THE SWIFT RUSH TO THE SHORE

POISE OF THE SURF RIDERS

PUTTING OUT THE CANOE

THE Hawaiian islands are a lotus eaters' land, where it is always afternoon and where the call to strenuous work is seldom heard. They are an ideal place for a vacation, especially in the winter months, when ice and snow hold fast most of the United States. Even to a Californian the climate is singularly equable, as the mercury seldom drops lower than 55 degrees and in midsummer it rarely climbs above 85 degrees. To one used to a harsher climate this equable temperature, with its soft, balmy winds, seems very enervating. Walking in the middle of the day produces profuse perspiration and energy is much relaxed. It is a positive effort to walk more than a block or two, and mental work is not pleasant. After one is acclimated, however, the blood becomes thinner and old residents of Honolulu declare that they can do nearly as much work as on the mainland.

Thoroughly Americanized as they are, these islands present a variety of races that make their future a problem for any thoughtful observer. While the Hawaiians are a rapidly dying race, the Japanese have leaped into the foremost place in numbers and have seized all the small manufactures and petty trades and industries that were once controlled by the natives. With thousands of Chinese, these two people have orientalized many quarters of Honolulu, while they give a peculiar stamp to many of the small towns throughout the island. Together they form 60 per cent of the population. These orientals retain their native dress and customs far more than they do in California. In fact, in passing through many of the villages on the big sugar and pineapple plantations, the visitor is reminded of the country towns in Japan.

It is the exception in Hawaii when one meets today a native Hawaiian of pure blood. The best cross is that between the Hawaiian and the Chinese, the oriental blood giving that business ability which the native lacks. Next to this comes the Japanese and Hawaiian, a blend that produces many beautiful girls. The energy of the white man is greatly impaired by union with the Hawaiian. With this blending of races is a complete breaking down of the usual racial lines. In California the Japanese has no social standing, and a white girl who marries a Japanese is ostracized. In Hawaii the Japanese and the Chinese, when crossed with the Hawaiian, has as good a social position as the whites.

This extraordinary cosmopolitanism was shown very clearly at an entertainment given in Honolulu. It was a variety performance for the benefit of charity, held in the roof garden of the Alexander Young hotel, and all Honolulu society was out in force. Girls of great beauty, with complexions like rare porcelain, had the slant eyes of the Mongolian; others had almond eyes and the dusky skin of their mothers; others were dark as southern negroes, with thick lips and bold, rugged features—representatives of the native race which is fast disappearing. And all these people of various races mingled in perfect amity and good will.

It is curious to observe the absolute breaking down of all race prejudice as seen on the street cars and at all public places and entertainments. The man who is used to the Jim Crow cars for colored people in all our southern cities will be startled in Honolulu to see a dusky Hawaiian woman, with her bundles of household purchases, drop down into the seat beside him on any crowded street car of Honolulu, or a Japanese or Chinese share his seat, with no feeling that he is an intruder. It is this absolute assumption of social equality by what we have come to regard inferior races that gives a shock to the American visitor to Hawaii. But after the first surprise one is apt to admire this new social equality, which takes no count of race or creed or training, of color of skin or setting of the eyes.

The two most wonderful sights in Honolulu are the work of man. These are the Aquarium and the Bishop museum. The first belongs to the city, and, because of the extraordinary variety and coloring of the fishes, it surpasses in interest the great Aquarium at Naples. The other was founded by Charles Reed Bishop, a wealthy merchant of Honolulu, in memory of his wife, the Princess Pauahi, who was the great-granddaughter of the ruling chief at the time of Captain Cook's visit and a direct descendant of Kamehameha the Great. The museum is housed in a fine stone building in the center of the Kamehameha school grounds at Kaliki, a suburb of Honolulu.

The Aquarium is located near the famous Waikiki beach and is easily reached by a car ride of about twenty minutes. The building is unpretentious, and the tanks are not arranged with the art shown in the Naples Aquarium. What impresses the visitor almost at the outset is the wonderful variety of the fishes and their equally wonderful coloring. To describe them as they are lays one open to the charge of exaggeration. Not only are there fish of fiery red, deep blue, light blue, orange and other primary colors, but these colors are blended in many variations of stripes and other eccentric markings. Then, too, scores of these fish are marked by queer patches of vivid colors apparently set into the body of the fish. Others have elongated noses or long streamers of white or yellow that follow them like a pennant.

The Bishop museum can be seen very fairly in two and a half hours, although a second visit will be found profitable. The location of the building is singularly fine. From its windows one may look out upon a noble stretch of territory. Mrs. Bishop, after a life of usefulness to her people, left her entire estate to found schools for young Hawaiians. Amid a fine park at Kaliki are grouped the buildings of the Kamehameha school, where a large number of young boys and girls are educated in the ordinary English branches and in manual training. The original museum consisted of an entrance hall and three rooms; to this have been added two wings, one for Hawaiian curios and one for Polynesian. Besides its unique collection of Hawaiian articles that serve to illustrate the old life of the people, the museum is the richest in the world in Polynesian exhibits. Much of the pleasure and profit which the tourist gains from the museum is due to the fine arrangement of the exhibits and the admirable casts of Hawaiians made by the director, Dr. William T. Brigham, who has been in charge of the institution since its foundation. Doctor Brigham is well known to scientists for his works on the volcanoes of Hawaii.

Though nearly eighty years of age, he is full of energy, and if you are fortunate enough to carry a letter of introduction to him he will not only show you all the treasures of the museum, but he will give you a mass of information about early Hawaii and its people which he has gathered during his fifty years of residence on the islands. The doctor is violently anti-Japanese, and he is not partial to the native Hawaiian, as he declares little good can be expected of a race whose language has no words for virtue, honor or home.

The nucleus of the museum was the large and priceless collection of mats, calabashes, feather work, tapa and relics that were bequeathed by Mrs. Bishop as the last of the royal line of the Kamehamehas. To these have been added many treasures given by the late Queen Emma and fine collections of 9,000 species of shells, of Hawaiian plants, birds and insects and rich exhibits of ethnological specimens not only from Hawaii, but from all the principal islands of Polynesia. The rare treasures of the museum are in the Kahili room. These are Kahilis or large feather standards used at funerals of royalty, and the famous robe of the first Kamehameha, made entirely of feathers from the orange and black mamo bird, which is said to be valued at a million dollars. These birds, as well as the yellow and black oo, the scarlet liwi and others, were protected by stringent decrees, and the feathers were used exclusively in the making of these royal cloaks and standards. The rich yellow of the mamo cloak is contrasted with the more common cloaks of the oo bird. The British museum has a smaller mamo cloak than this, which was given to Queen Victoria.

The Hawaiian hall is rich in articles that illustrate the early life of the people of the islands. Doctor Brigham devised the ingenious plan of taking plaster casts of living Hawaiians who were good types of their race. Then from these casts were made the figures that now represent the worship and the industries of the people. Thus, for instance, we have natives pounding the taro to make poi, the national dish, and others cutting from stone the pounders used in this work. Others are shown spinning and weaving and making weapons and fishing tackle. One of the most striking groups is that of a kahuna, or medicine man, praying before a big calabash, in order to draw down a curse upon his enemy. So superstitious are the natives that even in these days if a man learns that a kahuna is praying for his death he takes leave of his friends, settles his estate, turns his face to the wall and gives up the ghost.

Among the valuable specimens in this room is a unique collection of kapa, or tapa cloth, made from vegetable fiber. Of all the islanders of the Pacific, these Hawaiians made the finest tapa, and Doctor Brigham has gathered here wonderful specimens of their skill. Most of this cloth was made from the paper mulberry, a shrub that was cultivated by all Polynesians. The bark from the lower branches of these trees was stripped off, dried and then laboriously beaten, and the fiber welded together into sheets. The pattern carved on the beater gave figure to the tapa cloth, and the coloring was done by vegetable dyes. The museum contains also many fine specimens of the old basket work, which has now become extinct.

Perhaps the most interesting exhibits in the Hawaiian hall are the large central cases, one containing an ancient grass house and the others a replica of an ancient sacrificial temple. The grass houses have well-nigh disappeared from the islands, although over thirty years ago they were universal in the more remote parts of the islands. This house was found in Kauai, the garden island, and it was evidently made by skilled workmen. The frame is of timber, with strong rafters, the whole being bound together by tough braid and thatched with peli grass. The only opening usually provided was the door, although sometimes a small hole was made in one gable. The door of plank was seldom over three feet high. A small circle of stones on the ground floor was raised slightly and, covered with fine mats, served as the family bed. There was no furniture, as the Hawaiian squats on his haunches when working or taking his food. These houses were wholesome when new, but they soon became musty and vermin-infested.

Surf riding is a sport peculiar to Hawaii. It furnishes more thrills to the minute than any other known sport, with the possible exception of volplaning in an aeroplane. On the Waikiki beach at any hour of the day men may be seen surf riding on boards. Beginners roll about inshore at the mercy of the waves, which batter them about and throw them up in huddled heaps upon the sand, amid roars of laughter from the onlookers. In the far distance, tiny figures with outstretched arms, like the wings of a bird, fly, hover, float, with perfect poise and grace, upon the crests of green breakers.

Describing his first experience in this sport a writer says:

"Clad in scanty bathing dresses, we venture forth, a party of three, and trust ourselves to the mercy of two brawny, mahogany-colored natives. The long, narrow canoe is steadied by an outrigger, a slender log held by curved crosspieces. As we paddled out, breakers rose like green walls in front of us; thrilling enough, but nothing to the excitement when we turned to come in. Having got some way out, we waited, paddling gently, for a really big wave. Suddenly our black men began to shout wildly, and away we went, a huge wave gathering up behind us, while we fled down its green and gleaming surface amid showers of blinding spray and the shouts of the men, drowned by the hissing of the roaring water. The steeper grew the wave, the faster fled the canoe. We were going at racehorse pace, the water whirling in our faces. It was so thrilling, we forgot to be afraid."

LUCKY FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER

Explanation of Abnormality in Growth has Been Given to World by French Scientist.

Since four-leafed clover is said to be "lucky," it might be well to know how it happens that while most clover has only three leaves, one is found now and then with four.

According to J. Perriraz, who discusses the question in the Archives des Sciences Physiques et Naturelles, clovers with more than three leaves are due to two causes—one hereditary, the other nutritive. After a moist season clover plants with four or even five, six or seven leaves are relatively common, and plants with only two leaves are also seen at such times, but these are very rare.

But some are abnormal by heredity and reproduce themselves with the same characteristics in successive years when their environment remains the same, external influences merely modifying the sizes of the leaves.

Petroleum Output.

Pennsylvania at one time produced practically all the petroleum of the country, but last year its output was little over 3 per cent of the total, and was exceeded by that of seven states. The total production in 1913 as reported by the geological survey was 248,500,000 barrels, 11 per cent more than in 1912. California produced 31 per cent of the country's total last year and Oklahoma 25 per cent, these two states yielding more than all the others. The average price paid in the entire country was 95.4 cents a barrel in 1913 and 73.7 cents in 1912.

Right Size Too Large.

Bell—A French shoemaker has patented a machine that makes a plaster cast of a customer's foot and from it forms a last over which his shoes are made.

Beulah—That would never do over here. A shoe made like that would be altogether too large for a New York woman.

CODE FOR MANNERS

Rules of Propriety Changed in Reign of Victoria.

Betrothed Girls in 1810 Forced to Endure Embarrassing Jests, Says Writer—Sees Decline in Taste for Good Literature.

What manners had the early Victorians beheld in their youth? asks Annie Winsor Allen, in the Atlanta Monthly. According to her, in 1810 a young woman in New York's best society refused to spend the winter in New York because, being lately betrothed, she must wear a large miniature of the young gentleman around her neck and endure coarse and embarrassing jokes whenever she appeared.

General Washington may be seen, in the pencil sketches by John Trumbull, comfortably sitting in church with his arm around a young woman's waist, nor was she kith or kin to him. Read the familiar memoirs of the reign of George IV, infer carefully what the manners and conversation must then have been and ask yourself seriously how comfortable you would have felt in the midst of them.

The early Victorians thought these manners unfit for the presence of a young girl. They adjusted their demeanor to shield her. In consequence there arose from the court of Victoria an expectation of decorum, serene and assured, for every man or woman of sensitive fiber. A winnowing wind, with quiet, gleaning hand of selection and rejection, passed over all England and America, through every drawing room, across every printing press, gently up and down the thoroughfare.

No one even smoked on the streets. Without outcry or indignation the change was wrought, and decent people could go about unabashed. Of course, indecency and cruelty, barbarism and selfishness did not suddenly die. They lived, and thought the change an awful bore. Delicacy, sympathy, civilization and generosity were the accepted standard, and those who by nature had them or longed to have them, found encouragement all about. So the early Victorians impressed propriety upon the rising generation of mid-Victorians.

Do the surviving late Victorians, the present still young generation of grandparents, realize that around them moves and works a whole generation which does not know Emerson, never read Tennyson, has not heard of Mrs. Gaskell and despises George Eliot? Every book which inspired the mid-Victorians is "outgrown," it is "a back number" to post-Victorians. What have they read? They may have read Trollope, George Meredith and Thomas Hardy, those doubting late Victorians. Many of them have read nothing published before 1890, and practically none go back of 1870.

This means that they have read chiefly what is expounded by Wells, Shaw, Chesterton, Galsworthy and Masefield, not to mention Robert W. Chambers. Now, such literature, coming into the reader's mind after what preceded it, frequently took its place as refreshing and novel. But suppose you have never read anything else, what has Meredith or Hardy to tell you about the conduct of your own affairs, what precious secrets of civilization do they transmit? How will Wells, Shaw and Galsworthy do for rulers of life? What laws do they expound? What inspirations do they offer?

The Revival of Croquet.

In eastern centers whose whims and inclinations make themselves felt throughout this land, croquet is coming back and we may look for it to bloom in our own yards presently. We welcome the prospect. It presages, we sanguinely believe, reversal to a milder mode of life. Our momentum has been increasing season by season, what with the tango, suffrage, aeroplaning and the joy ride, until we are borne along at a pace threatening—it is declared—the fundamentals of our mental existence.

Croquet will be an antidote to this. It is essentially a soothing diversion. Side-whiskers, lemonade and Laura Jean Libbey are its natural accompaniments. It requires skill of a subdued sort and can be played by young ladies who are loath to shake loose their coiffures.—Detroit News.

Standard Seeking Oil in China.

Large oil-bearing tracts have been located in the province of Shensi, China, by the geologists of the Standard Oil company. The operations of the drilling gang were delayed because the military forces commandeered all vehicles for transport purposes. Foreign groups interested in oil are now endeavoring to earmark areas in Honan, Kansu, Szechuan and Kiangsi for operation on the expiry of the Standard Oil company's prospecting period. The British resent the secret examination of the province of Shensi by the Standard Oil company's geologists, claiming that Great Britain has the sole right to operate in that province.

Overcome.

"Is Mr. Blobb at home?" asked a voice over the telephone.

"No," answered Mrs. Blobb, "but I expect him home in half an hour."

"Then I'll call up later."

"I'm afraid it won't be worth your while. Two friends are bringing him."

Historic Russian Town.

Koshroma, where the first czar of Russia was crowned, is a pretty town of 45,000 inhabitants. It is also known for its beautiful monastery of Ipatiev, founded in 1330, but the town itself is much older. It was in this old monastery that Mikhael Feodorovitch Romanov, who later became czar, was hidden when pursued by the Poles. He was founder of the dynasty of the Romanovs and the ancestor of the present czar. Before him the house of Rurik had ruled over Russia for seven centuries.